

Stan Lee  
PRESENTS:

# DEATHLOK™ THE DEMOLISHER

## TARGET:



## TERROR

FACE WRAPPED IN BRISTLING FEAR. COMPUTE IDENTITY, HATED ANIMAL RESPONSE ETCHED LIVID AND STUFFED WITH BRIGHT HORROR'S SCREAMING LUST TO LIVE. HUMAN: CURTIS GILES. PANIC EXUDING, EMOTION-STENCH BURSTING LOOSE. IDENTITY CONFIRMED; TARGET ESTABLISHED.

# A COLD KNIGHT'S FRENZY

## OBJECTIVE:



## ESCAPE

FEET SCURRYING, RABBIT DESPERATION. ANALYZE TARGET PLOY. FLESH AND BLOOD FRANTIC FEAR-STUNG FLIGHT. EVASION TACTIC PROJECTED.

EMOTION STRIPPED TO BLIND EFFICIENCY. PREPARE WEAPON UTILIZATION. MIND FOCUSED ON PURPOSE ALONE. SIGHT ALIGNED. NERVES NONEXISTENT; STEEL-BUTTRESSED MUSCLES TENSE. WEAPON READY.

## MISSION: LIQUIDATION



## SPECULATION: SUCCESS

CONCEIVED, PLOTTED, & DRAWN BY:  
RICH BUCKLER

SCRIPTED BY:  
DOUG MOENCH

COLORS BY: G. WEIN  
LETTERED BY: A. KAWECKI  
EDITED BY: ROY THOMAS

FIRE. REPEAT: FIRE.



NO. NOT YET. LET 'IM SUFFER. LET ME SAVOR HIS FEAR.

INCORRECT RESPONSE. UNACCEPTABLE. IMPLIES EMOTION; EMOTION PRECLUDED BY NATURE.



STUFF IT. I'M GONNA SEE 'IM SQUIRM. AND IF THAT'S EMOTION, IT'S THE ONLY ONE: HATE AND CONTEMPT FOR HIS FLESH-AND-BLOOD GUTS.

INSUBORDINATION TANTAMOUNT TO DYSFUNCTION. REPEAT: CONCLUDE PHASE ONE OF MISSION OR SUFFER DORMANCY.

FOR A COMPUTER, YOU WORRY TOO MUCH. YOU CAN'T SHUT ME OFF AND YOU KNOW IT. I'LL KILL HIM...JUST LET ME ENJOY IT.

SYNAPSE LAPSE SHALL BE OVERLOOKED UNTIL COMPLETION OF MISSION. PNEUMATIC LENSES ACTIVATED. OBSERVATIONS RECORDED:



NO...

TARGET RUNS



GOD...

STUMBLES



HELP...

FALLS



PLEASE...

CRAWLS BEGS



DON'T...

WHIMPERS PLEADS



PLEASE...

GASPS RUNS

RUNS, NOT ON PNEUMATIC BALL-JOINTS OR STEEL-ENFORCED LIMBS... BUT ON LEGS OF FLESH...

COLUMBUS CIRCLE 59

...A LOATHSOME ORGANIC RUN OF CHAOS-SNARLED UNCOORDINATION--A HUMAN RUN...



NOW: FIRE.

YES, NOW.

FEEL THE EXQUISITE PLEASURE OF OUR FLEX-STEEL FINGERS VISE-SQUEEZING A STREAKING SPURT OF RIPPING SEARING BORING LIGHT.

I FEEL.

AND I FEEL IT TOO.

SEE THE HATED HUMAN TARGET STIFFEN IN BEAUTIFUL AGONY, SPITTING CRIMSON SHRIEKS OF DEATH.

OF LIQUIDATION.

OF DEATH.

INTERNAL DISSIDENCE CANNOT BE TOLERATED--

SHUT UP AND TABULATE MY PROGRESS!



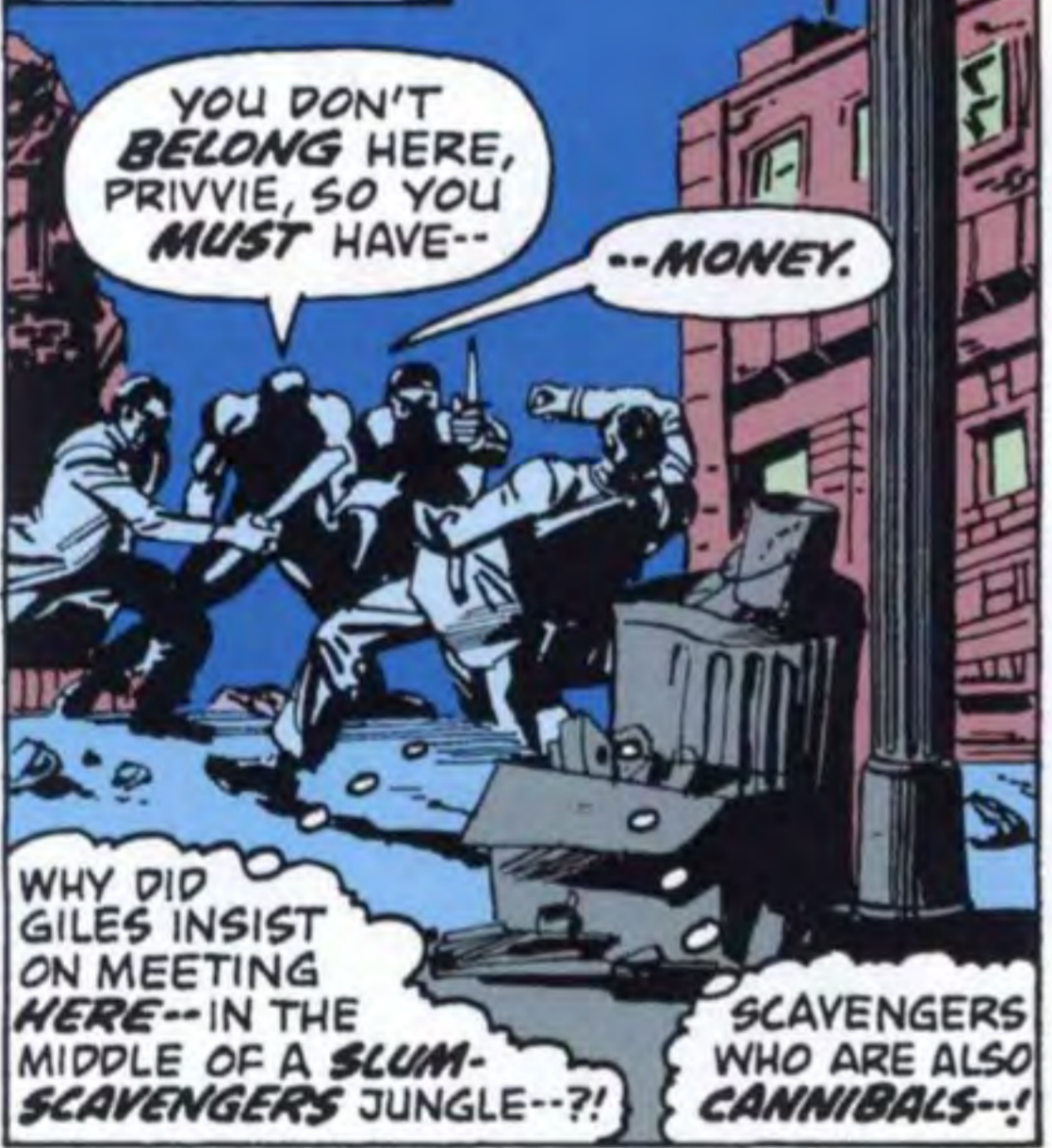
AND SINCE THEY WERE TO MEET DOWN HERE IN THE SUBWAY, THE OTHER PIGEON SHOULD BE JUST ABOUT ARRIVING.

PHASE ONE OF "MISSION: DOUBLE LIQUIDATION" CONCLUDED SUCCESSFULLY THROUGH UNORTHODOX METHODS.

TIME: 3:58 PM, SCHEDULED TIME OF TARGET'S RENDEZVOUS: 4:00 P.M.

CORRECT, BARRING VARIABLES OF--

--DETAINMENT.



YOU DON'T BELONG HERE, PRIVVIE, SO YOU MUST HAVE--

--MONEY.

WHY DID GILES INSIST ON MEETING HERE--IN THE MIDDLE OF A SLUM-SCAVENGERS JUNGLE--?!

SCAVENGERS WHO ARE ALSO CANNIBALS--!

THEIR BUSINESS WAS IMPORTANT--



--WHICH MEANS THE SECOND TARGET'LL BROOK NO DELAY.



CAN'T LET 'EM STOP ME!

GOTTA REACH THE SUBWAY!



THEY'RE SPRAWLED IN THE GARBAGE.



I MADE IT!



I'M SAFE!



I'M S--



SECOND TARGET LOCATED.

IDENTITY CONFIRMED.

MY GOD--  
Y-YOUR  
FACE...!



TARGET ALIGNED IN  
SIGHT.



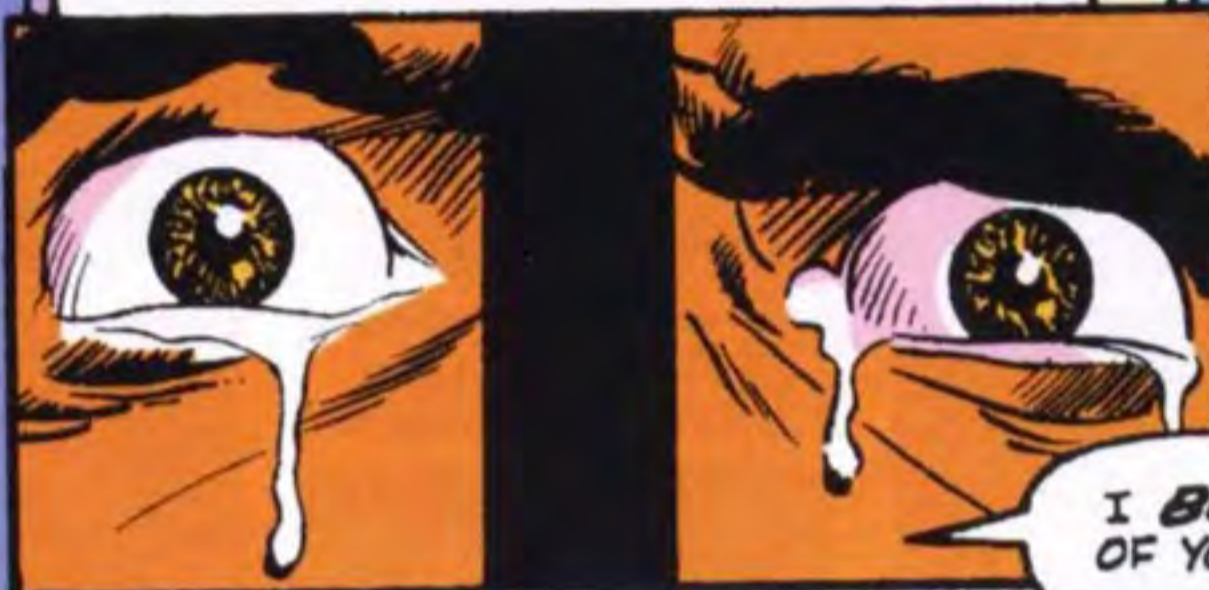
N-NO...

FACILITATE LIQUIDATION.



PLEASE...

REPEAT: FIRE.



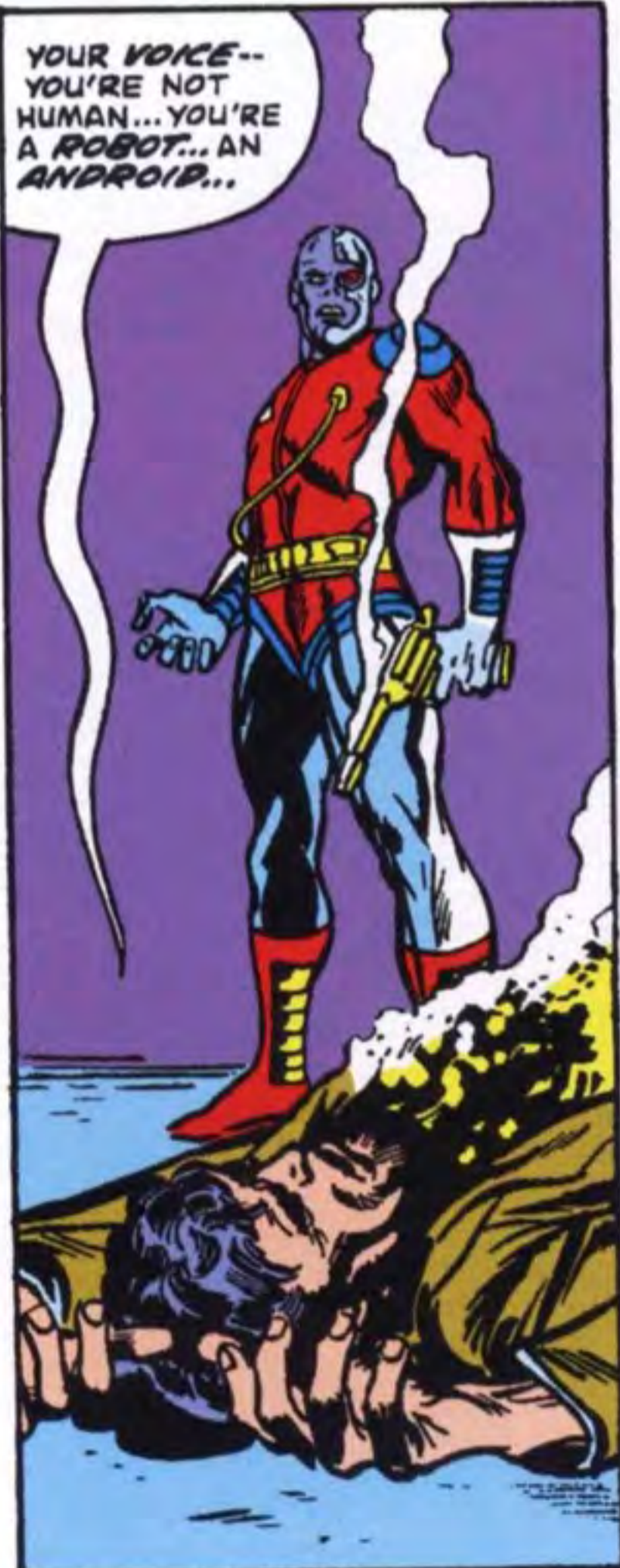
I BEG  
OF YOU--

FIRE.



YES:  
FIRE!

YOUR VOICE--  
YOU'RE NOT  
HUMAN... YOU'RE  
A ROBOT... AN  
ANDROID...



...A  
CYBORG... WITH  
NO FEELINGS...  
NO REMORSE...



...JUST AN  
INHUMAN  
MACHINE...

... I  
PITY  
you...



MISSION SUCCESSFUL. TAR-  
GET LIQUIDATED.



--A PITY. WE'VE FAILED. THE PATIENT'S DEAD--

--FOR ALL INTENTS AND PURPOSES.



BUT YOU HAVE ISOLATED A PORTION OF HIS BRAIN--AND KEPT IT ALIVE, AS ORDERED...?

YES...AND I WON'T FORGET IT WAS YOU WHO ORDERED IT, RYKER.



YOU MAY DISPENSE WITH THE SANCTIONED HISTRIONICS, DOCTOR.

COL. MANNING WAS THE MOST BRILLIANT MILITARY STRATEGIST ALIVE--AND I WANT THAT KNOWLEDGE PRESERVED.



PRESERVED. YES--LIKE A FROZEN VEGETABLE!

RYKER, I WANT YOU TO KNOW YOU'VE INITIATED THE MOST GHOULISH SURGICAL PROCEDURE SINCE FRANKENSTEIN.

IN CASE YOU'RE NOT AWARE OF IT, MISTER, THERE'S BEEN A WAR GOING ON SINCE 1983.

MANNING HERE WAS AWARE OF IT--SO AWARE OF IT THAT HE GOT HALF OF HIS FACE AND ALL OF HIS RIGHT ARM BLOWN OFF BY A CUSSION BOMB!



AND IF WE'RE GOING TO WIN THIS WAR, WE NEED SOLDIERS WHO WON'T GET SPLATTERED ALL OVER THE BATTLEFIELD!

WE NEED SUPER-SOLDIERS--MEN WITH BODIES OF STEEL AND MINDS OF COMPUTER-PRECISION! MEN WHO FUNCTION WITH THE INFALLIBILITY AND FEARLESSNESS OF MACHINES!

SO IF YOU'VE GOT ANY COMPLAINTS ABOUT WORKING ON PROJECT: ALPHA-MECH, DOCTOR, I SUGGEST YOU BRING THEM UP AT YOUR COURT-MARTIAL!

LOOKS LIKE THE METAL-GRAFT WILL TAKE.



YEAH-- NO SIGNS OF IMMINENT REJECTION...



IN FACT, THE ENTIRE OPERATION SEEMS TO BE PROGRESSING WELL...



BUT IT'D PROGRESS A LOT BETTER WITHOUT RYKER CONSTANTLY SPYING ON US FROM HIS GLASS CAGE.



QUIET, WILKINS.

HOW'S THE MONITOR, JIM?



ALL VITAL FUNCTIONS READ STABLE.



YOU KNOW, THERE'RE RUMORS THAT THIS ISN'T THE FIRST TIME COMPUTER-HOUSING HAS BEEN INSTALLED IN A MAN...



WELL, SEE THAT THOSE RUMORS NEVER LEAVE THIS ROOM--

--CAUSE THERE ARE STILL SOME TAXPAYERS WHO WOULDN'T LIKE THE IDEA OF THE MILITARY SPENDING ITS TIME MAKING MONSTERS.



WHO DESIGNED THIS PROSTHETIC ARM ANYWAY?

TOP SECRET-- BUT IT'S SUPPOSED TO HAVE THE TENSILE STRENGTH OF FORGED STEEL...



...AND THE GRIP OF AN IRON VISE.

"I'M GLAD THE REST OF YOU HAVE THE CAPACITY FOR LEVITY, DOCTORS-- BECAUSE I FOR ONE CONSIDER THIS BLASPHEMY, EVEN IN THE SECULAR SENSE. THIS BEING IS HIDEOUS--

--A MOCKERY OF MAN--AND BY RYKER'S DELIBERATE SPECIFICATION. PLASTIC SURGERY WOULD DIMINISH ITS PSYCHOLOGICAL POTENCY AS AN OBJECT OF FEAR, HE CLAIMED.

"AND THOUGH I'M LOATHE TO PHRASE IT THIS WAY, GENTLEMEN... IT APPEARS OUR OPERATION IS--

--A SUCCESS."





MISSION COMPLETE SUCCESS.



BOTH TARGETS HAVE BEEN ELIMINATED AS STIPULATED IN OUR CONTRACT.



VERY GOOD, DEATHLOK. I'M IMPRESSED.

I AM PROCEEDING VIA HELICRAFT TO YOUR OFFICES, JULIAN BIGGS--

--YOU MAY DEMONSTRATE YOUR APPRECIATION ...IN MONETARY TERMS... WHEN I ARRIVE.



MY OFFICES--? YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW WHERE THEY ARE--

US ARMY

THAT IS INCORRECT, JULIAN BIGGS, AS I SHALL SOON DEMONSTRATE.

INHABITED BY: JULIAN BIGGS, UNDERWORLD RACKETEER AND CURRENT EMPLOYER.

PROSPECTUS: POTENTIAL CONFLICT ORIGINATING FROM BIGGS' SURROGATES.



WHO'S THIS CHARACTER?

IT'S THAT DEATHLOK GUY THE BOSS HAD ME HIRE AS A HIT-MAN.



HOLD IT, UGLY.

PAUSE FOR IDENTIFICATION.



YOU'VE GOTTA HAVE AN APPOINTMENT TO SEE MR. BIGGS--

I.D.'S TOO MUCH TROUBLE.



HEY! I SAID HOLD IT--!

ALERT: HOSTILITY.



EXTRAPOLATION: DANGER DANGER DANGER



HESITATION



--BY DESIRE TO PERSONALIZE VIOLENCE.





I SHOULD THINK YOU'D WANT TO SHARE THIS MOMENT WITH ME, NINA. IT'S THE FINEST OF MY LIFE-- A DREAM SCULPTED INTO GLORY...

IT ISN'T EVERY MAJOR WHO CAN DUPE THE ENTIRE MILITARY INTO FUNDING HIS PRIVATE OBSESSION. LISTEN--



ALL RIGHT, DOC-- GIVE US A RUNDOWN ON HIM.

VERY WELL, MAJOR RYKER. AS YOU KNOW, PROJECT: ALPHA-MECH INVOLVES THE TECHNOLOGICAL IMPROVEMENT OF MAN. BY RETAINING A SHRED OF COL. LUTHER MANNING'S CONSCIOUSNESS-- SPECIFICALLY, THAT PORTION OF HIS BRAIN GOVERNING STRATEGIC EXTRAPOLATIONS--



--WE'VE BEEN ABLE TO ESTABLISH A BASIS FOR THE INTEGRATION OF MINIATURIZED RELAY-CIRCUITS. THESE CIRCUITS ARE PROTECTED BY A STEEL PLATE IMPLANTED IN THE SKULL, AND CONTROL-- AMONG OTHER FUNCTIONS--THE PNEUMATIC LENS WHICH SUBSTITUTES FOR MANNING'S DESTROYED EYE.



SO MUCH OF MANNING'S FACE WAS DESTROYED, IN FACT, THAT WE'VE HAD TO VIRTUALLY RE-CONSTRUCT IT WITH METAL TO REPLACE THE PULVERIZED BONE.



THOSE SAME CIRCUITS ALSO ACTIVATE THE AUDIO-RECEIVER LOCATED IN-- AND COMPARABLE TO-- MANNING'S EAR. THE CYBORG'S VOICE, TOO, IS ELECTRONICALLY AMPLIFIED TO APPROXIMATE HUMAN SPEECH.



"SWIVEL-SOCKET BALL-JOINTS AND PNEUMATIC SPRINGS IN THE CYBORG'S LEGS ENABLE HIM TO--



--JUMP--



--FORMIDABLE HEIGHTS WITH NO PERCEPTIBLE STRAIN--

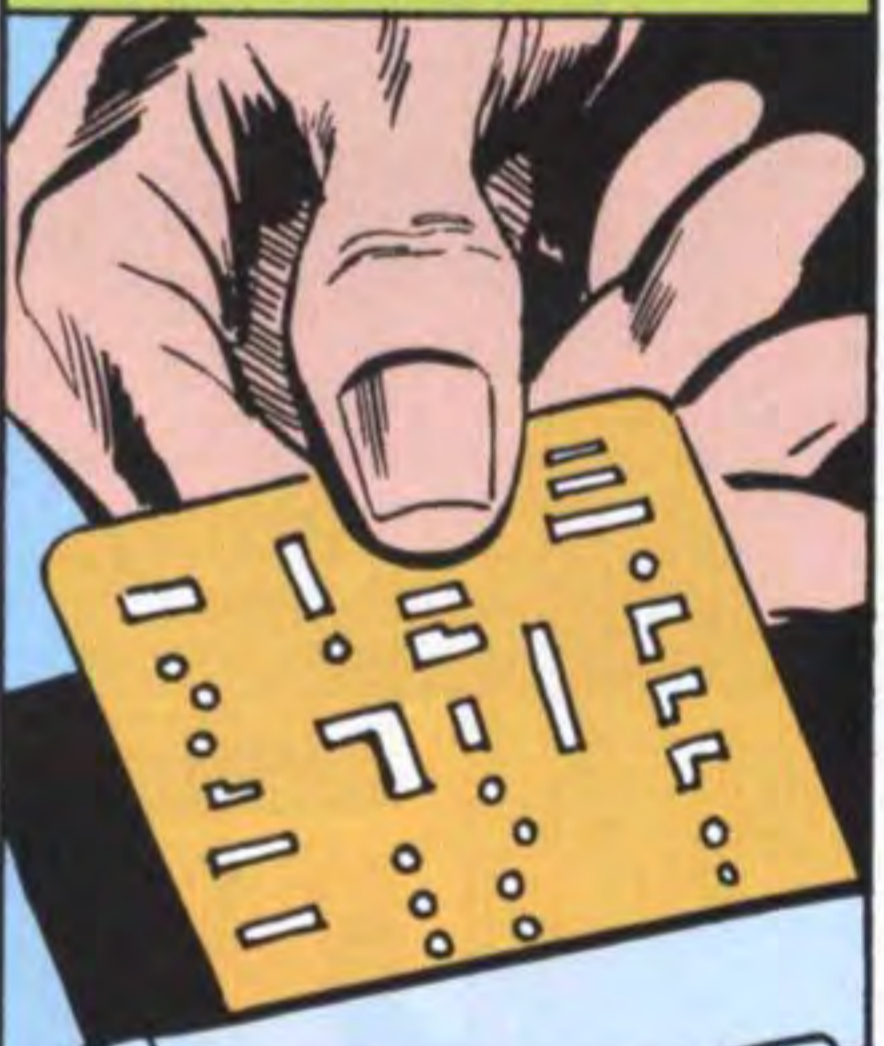


--TO HIS PHYSIOLOGICAL COMPONENTS."

"MY COMPUTER-CODED ORDERS ARE FED DIRECTLY TO HIS DATA-PROCESSING CENTER--

--ALONG WITH ALL KNOWLEDGE AND INFORMATION REQUIRED FOR THE SUCCESSFUL COMPLETION OF EACH MISSION.

"AND HIS MIND REMAINS UNCLUTTERED BY ANY EXTRANE-  
OUS THOUGHT."



THANKS, DOC.

JUST IMAGINE WHAT I CAN DO WITH A BEING LIKE THIS, NINA--

--A BEING TOTALLY SUBSERVIENT TO MY COMMAND!



AND HE'S EQUIPPED FOR MORE THAN MERE DEFENSE, NINA...



THAT'S THE MOST SOPHISTICATED LASER-PISTOL DEVELOPED.

"USED IN CONJUNCTION WITH COL. MANNING'S INSTINCTIVE STRATEGY AND BATTLE GRIT...



"...AS WELL AS A MORE BASIC WEAPON--



"--SUCH AS THAT MAGNETICALLY-ADHERING BAYONET...

"...NO ENEMY WILL BE ABLE TO--"



--KILL YOU, GARGOYLE!

ALERT: DANGER.

TACTIC: BAYONET EMPLOYMENT.



THIS TIME I AIN'T HESITATING, 'PUTER!

TO DO SO WOULD PRECIPITATE DISAS--

TURN IT OFF, WILLYA! THAT BULLET RIPPED US!

YEAH--I FEEL IT.

IMPOSSIBLE. PAIN-CAPACITY OBIATED BY INHERENT DESIGN--

--UNLIKE TARGET, WHICH HAS BEEN EXPUNGED WITH GREAT PAIN.

NO KIDDIN'!



FINAL TARGET ENACTING RETREAT MANEUVER.

YOU NEVER DID LIKE JOKES.



OUR FINAL TARGET OVER THERE, 'PUTER, IS A JOKE--

--ONE NOT EVEN WORTH THE TIME OF LIQUIDATION... WHETHER YOU LIKE 'IM OR NOT.

TERM 'LIKE' IMPLIES EMOTION...

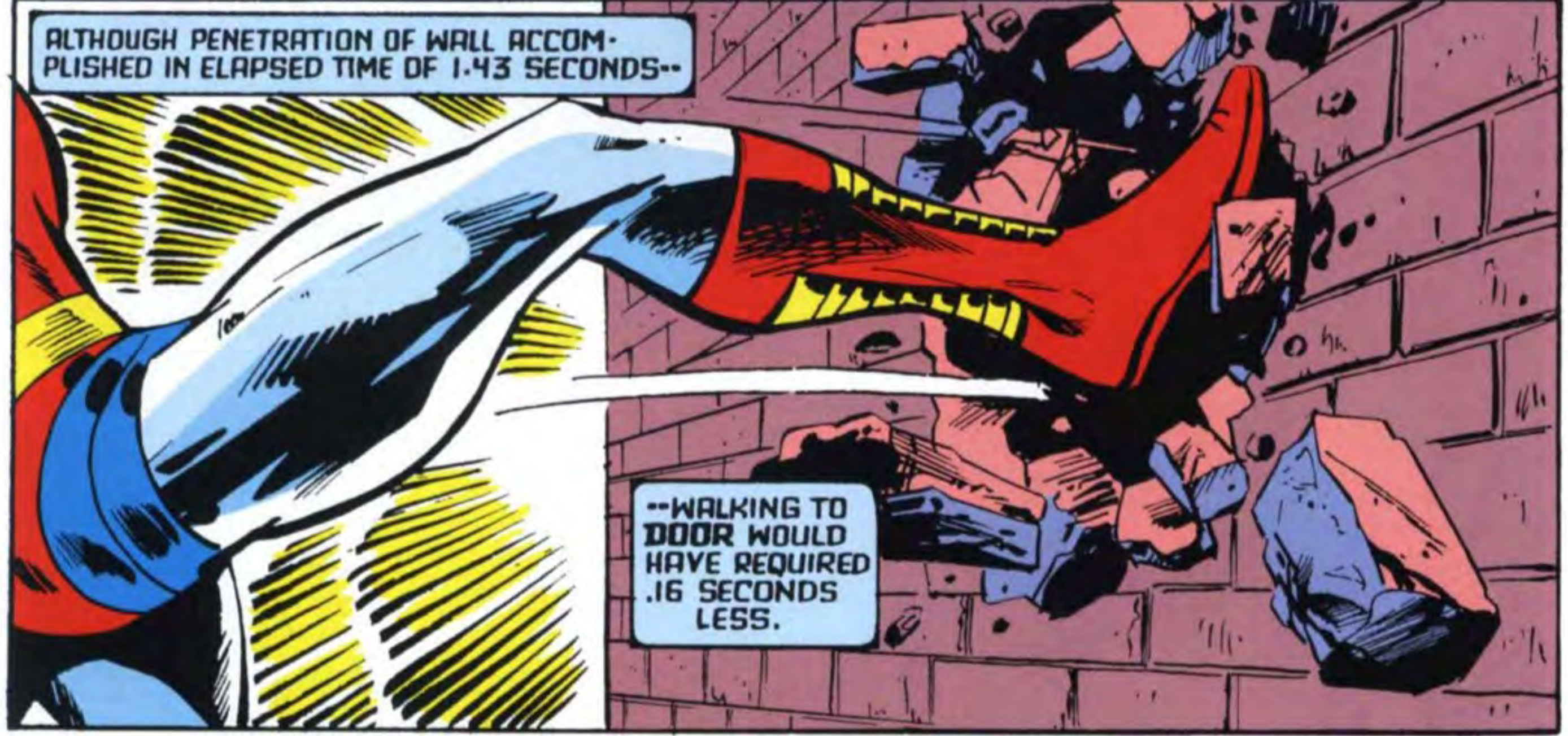


...EMOTION ALIEN TO NATURE.

NO... PLEASE... IT--IT WASN'T MY IDEA TO ATTACK YOU. PLEASE DON'T--



--HURT ME...?



ALTHOUGH PENETRATION OF WALL ACCOMPLISHED IN ELAPSED TIME OF 1.43 SECONDS--

--WALKING TO DOOR WOULD HAVE REQUIRED .16 SECONDS LESS.



SO SUE ME. MAYBE I FELT LIKE SHOWING OFF...

...OR MAYBE I JUST FELT LIKE KICKING A HOLE IN A WALL.

CAPRICIOUSNESS INIMICAL TO--



BLOW IT OUT YOUR TRANSISTORIZED EAR.



AHEAD...CLAUSTROPHOBIA BOTTLING FREEDOM BOXING SQUEEZING NO AIR SUFFOCATING CAN'T BREATHE NO ROOM CAN'T MOVE CAUGHT CAGING IMPRISONING--

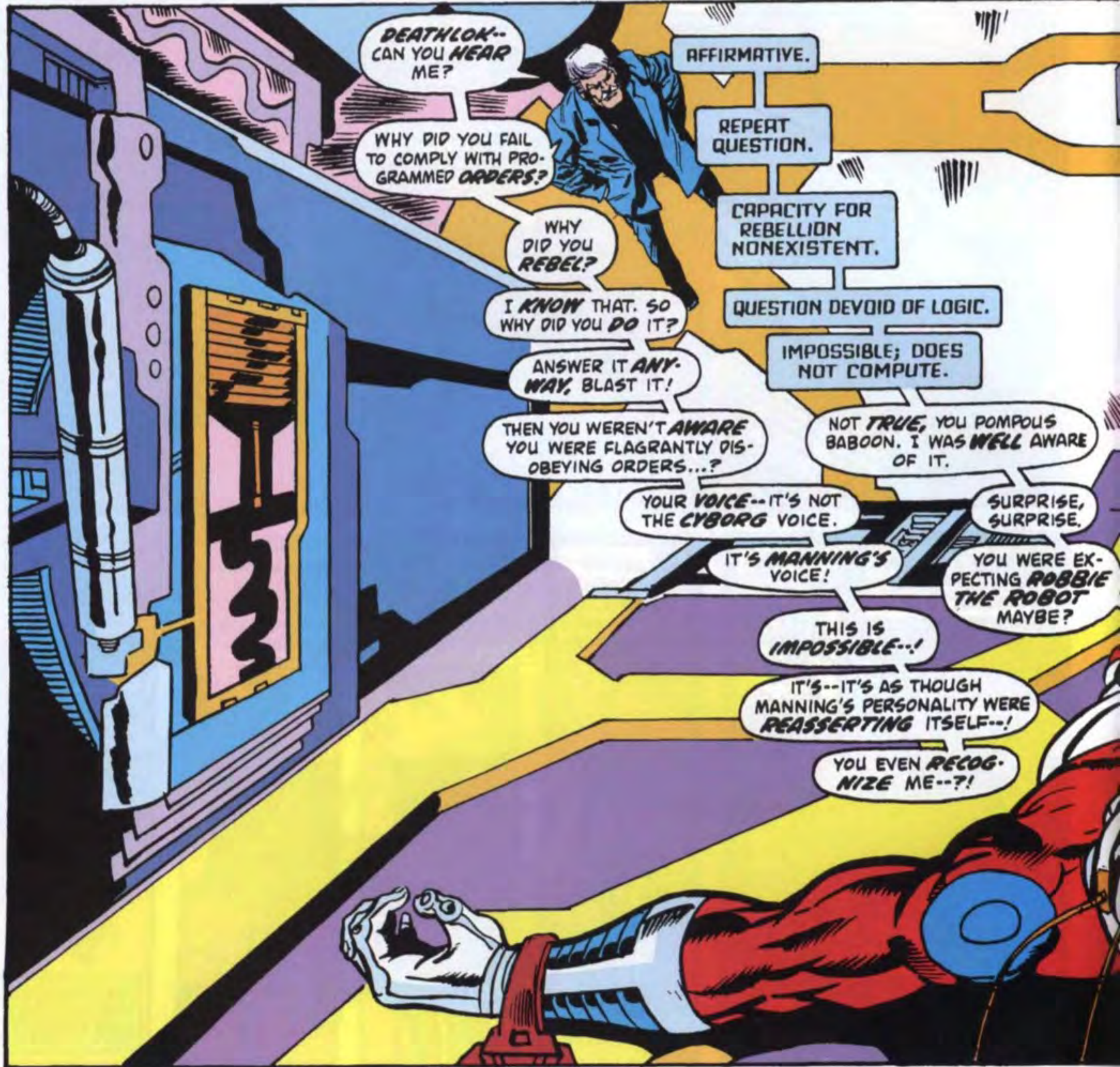


DOOR COMPOSED OF TEMPERED STEEL, ANEALLED WITH ADDITIONAL DEPOSITS OF UNALLOYED LEAD.

CALCULATED THICKNESS: NINE INCHES.



SQUEEZING BOTTLING BOXING CLOSING CAGING STIFLING COMPRESSION OF SUFFOCATING TIGHTNESS NO ROOM NO ROOM NO ROOM NO ROOMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM...



DEATHLOK-- CAN YOU HEAR ME?

AFFIRMATIVE.

WHY DID YOU FAIL TO COMPLY WITH PROGRAMMED ORDERS?

REPEAT QUESTION.

WHY DID YOU REBEL?

CAPACITY FOR REBELLION NONEXISTENT.

I KNOW THAT. SO WHY DID YOU DO IT?

QUESTION DEVOID OF LOGIC.

ANSWER IT ANYWAY, BLAST IT!

IMPOSSIBLE; DOES NOT COMPUTE.

THEN YOU WEREN'T AWARE YOU WERE FLAGRANTLY DISOBEYING ORDERS...?

NOT TRUE, YOU POMPUS BABOON. I WAS WELL AWARE OF IT.

YOUR VOICE--IT'S NOT THE CYBORG VOICE.

SURPRISE, SURPRISE.

IT'S MANNING'S VOICE!

YOU WERE EXPECTING ROBBIE THE ROBOT MAYBE?

THIS IS IMPOSSIBLE--!

IT'S--IT'S AS THOUGH MANNING'S PERSONALITY WERE REASSERTING ITSELF--!

YOU EVEN RECOGNIZE ME--?!

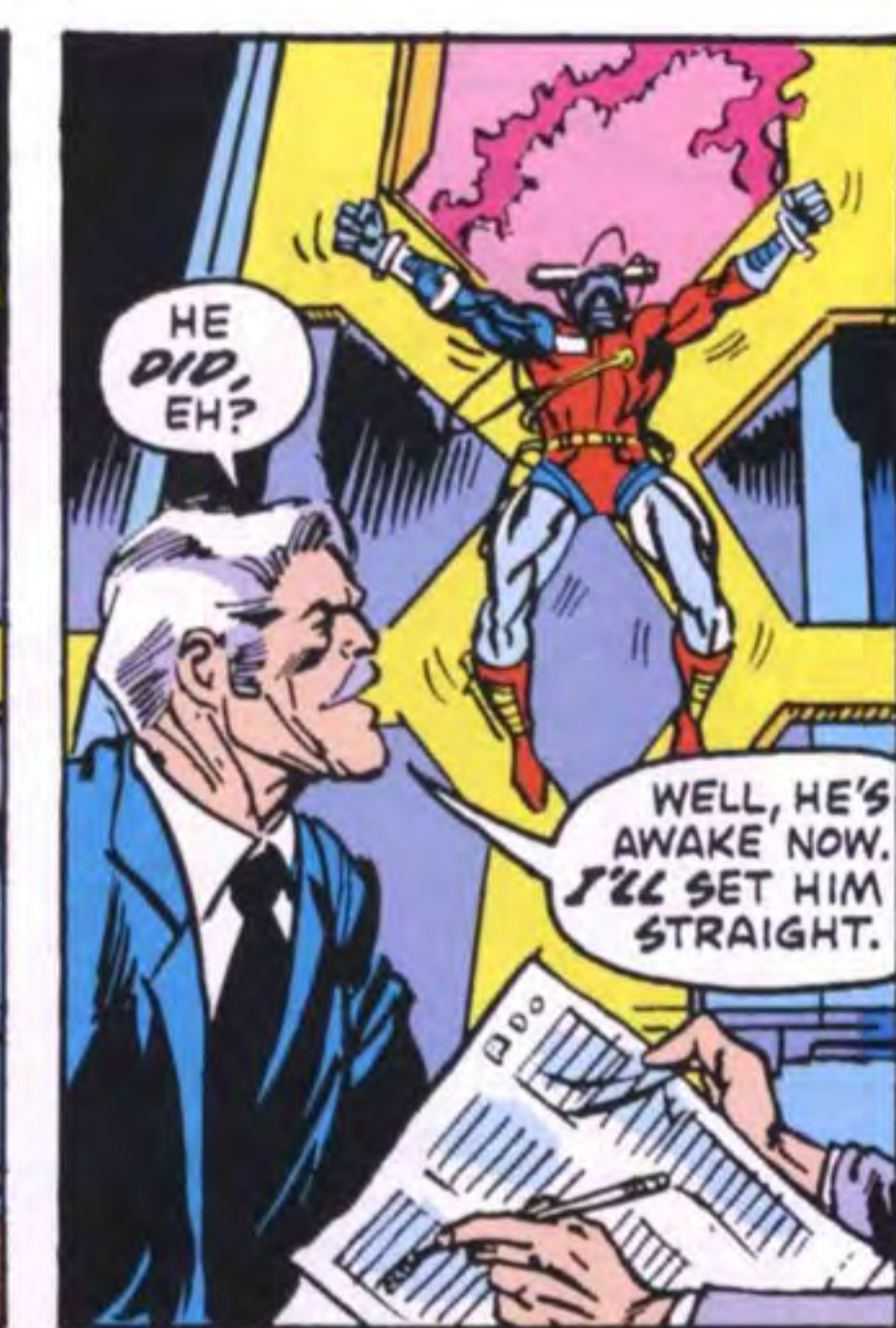


GOOD. IT'S ABOUT TIME WE GOT TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS BUSINESS AND I AIM TO DO IT.



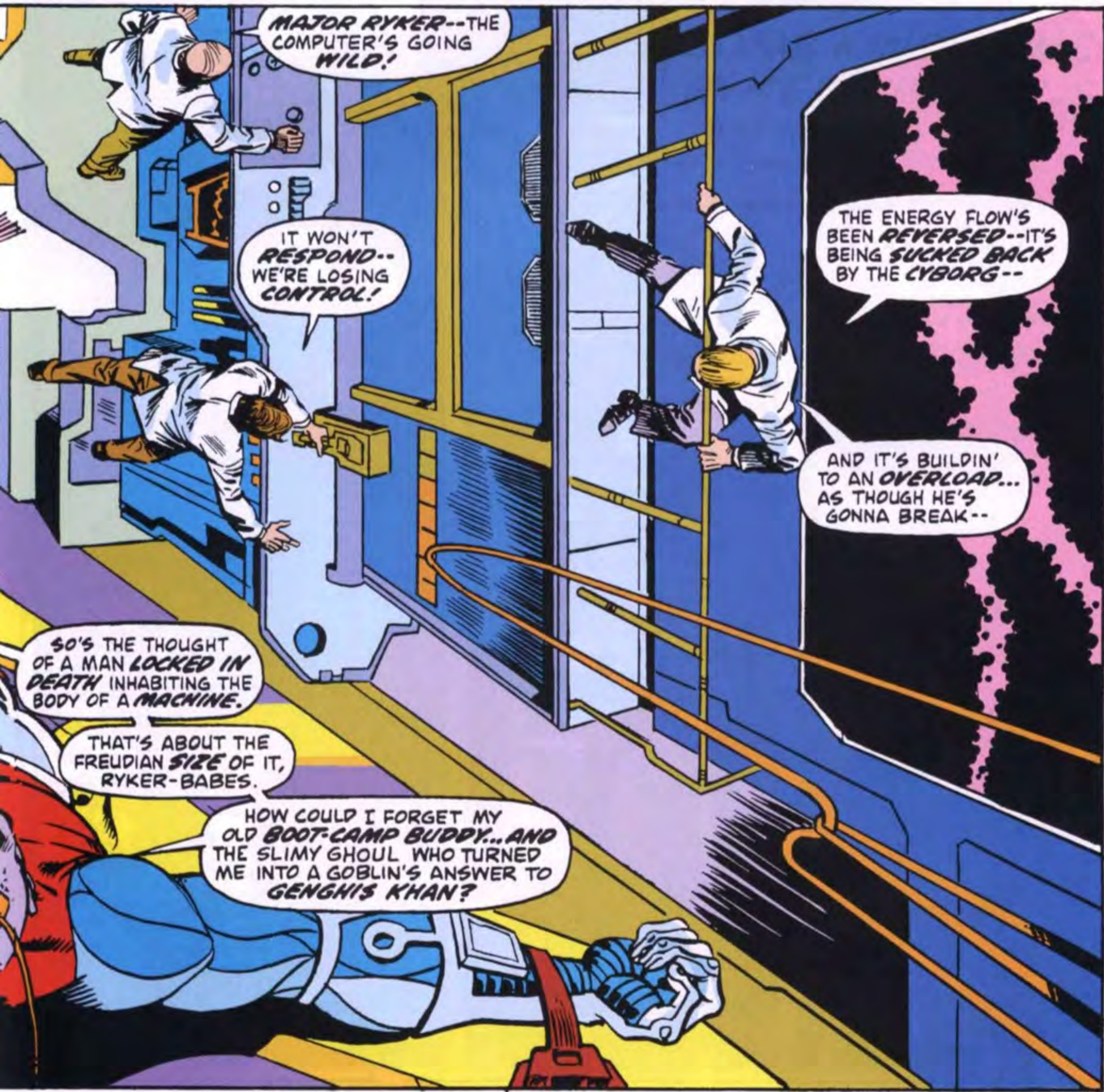
NOW WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT?

WELL, ACCORDING TO THESE REPORTS, SIR, THE CYBORG HAS SEVERELY *DYSFUNCTIONED*. HE *REBELLED* IN THE COURSE OF ONE OF HIS PROGRAMMED MISSIONS --*REFUSED TO COMPLETE* IT.



HE DID, EH?

WELL, HE'S AWAKE NOW. I'LL GET HIM STRAIGHT.



MAJOR RYKER--THE COMPUTER'S GOING WILD!

IT WON'T RESPOND--WE'RE LOSING CONTROL!

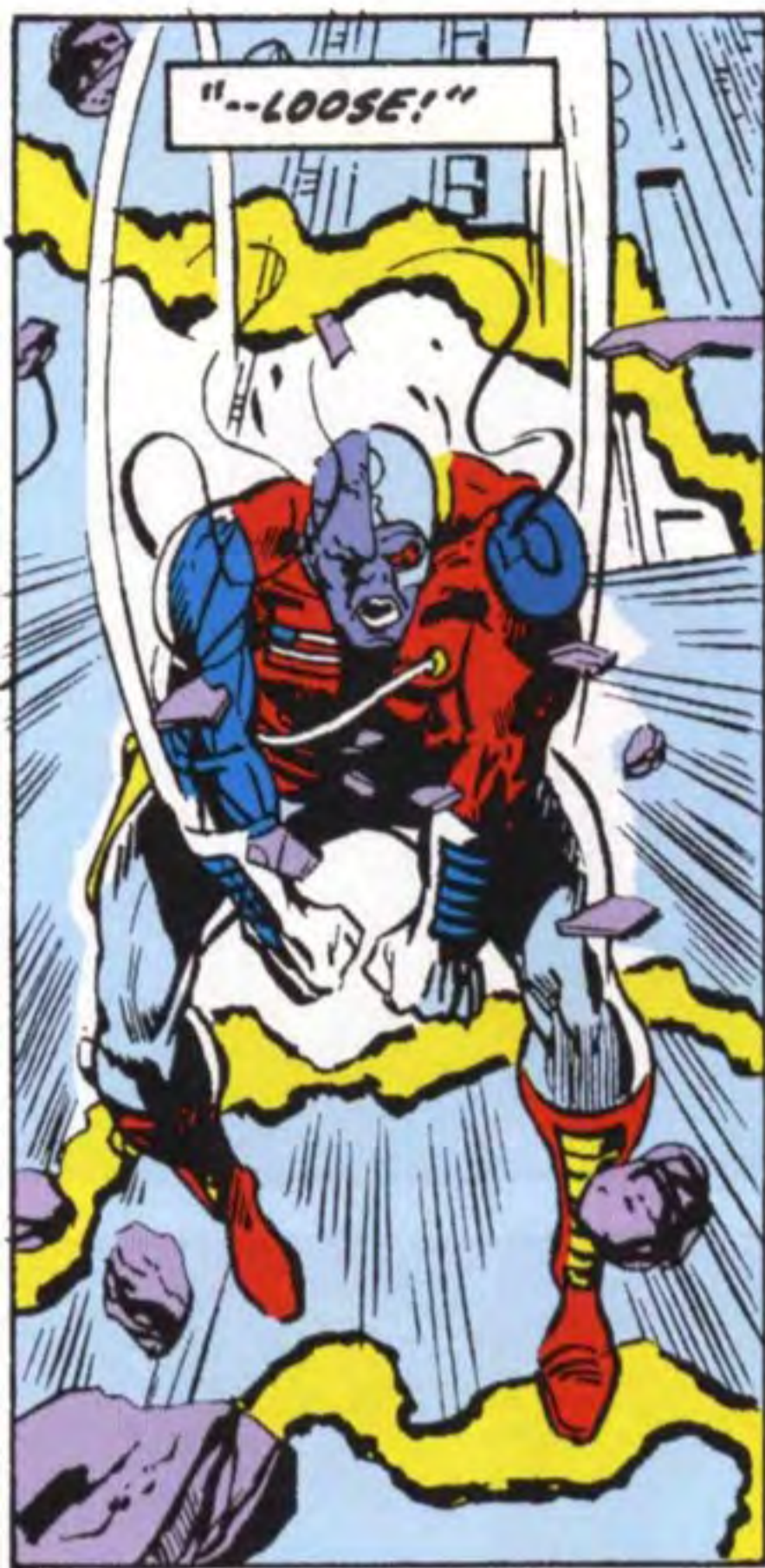
THE ENERGY FLOW'S BEEN *REVERSED*--IT'S BEING *SUCKED BACK* BY THE *CYBORG*--

AND IT'S BUILDIN' TO AN *OVERLOAD*... AS THOUGH HE'S GONNA BREAK--

SO'S THE THOUGHT OF A MAN *LOCKED IN DEATH* INHABITING THE BODY OF A *MACHINE*.

THAT'S ABOUT THE FREUDIAN *SIZE* OF IT, RYKER-BABES.

HOW COULD I FORGET MY OLD *BOOT-CAMP BUDDY*... AND THE *SLIMY GHOUL* WHO TURNED ME INTO A *GOBLIN'S ANSWER TO GENGHIS KHAN*?



**RED ALERT: PROJECT ALPHA-MECH CYBORG DEATHLOK HAS ESCAPED TO ROOF HELIPORT.**



**WARNING: CYBORG BERSERK. APPREHEND AT ALL COSTS. REPEAT: RED ALERT--**



